

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The lighthouse stands by the wave washed strand
And sheds its light afar.
While o'er the foam the ships sail home,
Where quiet haven are.

The sea gulls drop the storm rums high,
The winds blow loud and free,
And fog rolls down on yonder tower,
It lies upon the sea.

The lighthouse tower is stout and strong
Amid the surging spray;
It will stand the shock on its good rock,
While years will glide away.

—J. E. M. Wright in Good Housekeeping.

JEALOUS.

Mr. D. Bashford cherished high ideas of men, as opposed to women, and had exalted notions of the husband's dominion over his household.

Mr. Bashford had forbidden his wife attending the masquerade of the A. Z. A. society. He had his reasons for so doing, but his wife thought he might have made known his wishes in a little less imperious manner than he chose to adopt.

The ball was set down for the evening of the 29th. On the morning of that day Mr. Bashford went down town at the usual hour, but during the forenoon had occasion to visit a section of the city that led him past his own residence.

His attention was suddenly arrested by a young woman with a large bundle, ascending the front steps of his house and ringing the doorbell.

His perplexity was increased when the door was opened cautiously, the young woman admitted promptly, as if by a previous understanding, and the door instantly closed again.

Mr. Bashford's curiosity and suspicion were aroused. Should he linger and solve the mystery or dismiss it from his mind and go on about his business? He debated the question irresolutely for a moment and finally decided that he must know what was going on in his own house.

He had not long to wait. The young woman soon reappeared, but without the bundle, and walked briskly down the street.

She led him to one of the busiest and gayest streets and finally turned quickly into a celebrated customer's establishment.

Mr. Bashford was astonished. Could it be that his wife was venturing enough to disobey him and had hired a costume with a view of attending the masquerade?

He did not linger long in meditation. His wife's audacity must receive a severe rebuke.

The proprietor was a woman. He accosted her thus:

"Madam, would you object to making \$5 in any minutes?"

The person addressed intimating that she would have no objection to that sort of thing, he continued:

"Then describe to me accurately the costume delivered by the young woman who entered this store a moment ago or else show me one just like it."

"Well," said the woman, hesitating, "that wouldn't be exactly regular, you know."

"I understand that, but I can prove to you if necessary that I have a right to know, and that no harm can possibly come to you by your telling me."

"Oh, well," said the woman, "I presume it will be all right! The costume was that of a Turkish lady. Here is one just like it, except that the hood is blue instead of scarlet."

"Yes—just so," said Mr. Bashford.

"The one that the young woman left at 54—street has a scarlet hood, has it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Here are your \$5."

He made no allusion when he went home to his 5 o'clock dinner to the circumstances just related. He simply said to his wife before leaving, wondering the while at her innocent and unconstrained demeanor:

"As I told you would probably be the case, Louise, I shall be detained down town by business tonight until late."

"Oh, dear, I am sorry! It is so lonely these long evenings when you are obliged to be away."

The "business" which was to detain him was of a somewhat startling character. After spending a short time at his office he proceeded to a customer's establishment and placed himself in the hands of an artist, who, after a long and tedious process, transformed him into a hideous looking Indian.

This done, he ordered a carriage and gave directions to be driven to the place where the masquerade was to be held.

Mr. Bashford seemed to create quite a sensation in his character of Indian chief. Many stared at him, and some of the women shuddered.

He did not dance at first, but walked with stately tread around the hall, gazing disdainfully on the giddy throng. He was searching for a Turkish lady with a scarlet hood.

It was some time before he found what he sought for. But at last he stopped suddenly, and his gaze lingered in a particular quarter. There was the Turkish lady with the scarlet hood, and her size and general contour were exactly those of his wife. There could be no mistake about it.

"Poity squaw," he said in a guttural tone.

"Noble Injun!" she replied.

"Squaw dances?"

"Yes."

And they took their places on the floor for one of the quadrilles.

After this ensued what appeared to lookers on a scene of desperate flirtation, but in Mr. Bashford's mind there was, of course, no harm in thus paying exclusive attention to his own wife, though a pang shot through his breast at the thought of her accepting such marked demonstrations from one who to all intents and purposes was a stranger.

However, the game must be played, and he played it.

Thus an hour passed very pleasantly, he had no cause to himself, for his wife—if it were she—was unwontedly witty, vivacious and entertaining.

But all of a sudden the Turkish lady deserted him and joined a Roman senator on the other side of the room. She conversed with him in a low tone, dan-

ed a set with him and afterwards exchanged some private words in an apparently very confidential manner.

This fairly maddened Mr. Bashford with jealousy. Finally he got a chance to speak to her again.

"Squaw must not leave her brave," he murmured.

But she only laughed tantalizingly.

"I think I hear the pattering of rain-drops," he said. "Shall we not stand in the open door, where it is cool?"

"Yes," she replied, "for a few moments. It will be a great relief."

They approached to the doorway and stood looking down a short flight of broad stone steps, which led to the sidewalk. Beyond could be seen a solitary carriage, with a dim light glimmering from the driver's seat. The driver himself had sought shelter from the rain within the carriage.

Mr. Bashford looked cautiously around. No one was in sight. He then coughed in a peculiar manner. The driver instantly emerged, leaving the carriage door open, and walked carelessly forward, seemingly to inspect the harness of one of the horses.

Now was Mr. Bashford's time. He suddenly seized his companion round the waist, thrust his hand under her mask and pressed it over her mouth, and ran with her to the carriage.

"Scream and you will be murdered," he muttered in her ear. He then forced her in the carriage, stepping in after her.

Mr. Bashford held his fair prisoner firmly down to the seat and admonished her in the harshest tones he could command to remain silent.

She covered down submissively, evidently too terrified to speak, trembling and panting violently.

"What is to be done with me?" she summoned the courage to falter.

"Hush!" he growled.

Still the carriage rattled on through numerous streets and alleys, the driver having been instructed to take a long, roundabout course.

Finally the driver gave a loud cough. This was a signal. He had calculated that the devoted course they had taken would so bewilder his wife that her ideas of locality would be completely confused. He wanted to impress her with the belief that she was being carried to some den of unknown horrors.

"Here we are," he growled. "Not a word to you with you."

He rushed up the steps, carrying his captive under one arm. Unlocking the door with his night key, he rushed with her into the house.

A loud scream greeted his arrival. The gas was burning brightly, and in the middle of the room stood—her arms thrown up and her eyes protruding with horror—his wife!

He halted in dire astonishment and dismay, still retaining his hold on the Turkish lady, who had by this time fainted.

"Louise!" he gasped.

But his wife only gave vent to a piercing shriek and retreated to the furthest corner of the room.

"Don't you know me, Louise?"

"What does all this mean?" she said, stepping forward cautiously. "Why are you disguised so frightfully, and who is this you have with you?"

Mr. Bashford's bewilderment was so great that he had entirely forgotten that he was still supporting the Turkish lady, and he now nearly dropped her.

"Haven't you been to the masquerade?" he demanded of his wife.

"To the masquerade! Certainly not."

"Then who is this?"

"That. How should I know? Why, as I'm alive, it's—oh, Dio, what under the sun have you been doing? This is Emma Burch!"

And Mrs. Bashford bent over the prostrate form and set herself about aspying restoratives. They soon had their effect. Miss Burch sat upright and looked about her in a confused manner.

"Louise, is it you?" she exclaimed, with a glad look and almost fainting again. "And am I really safe? Oh, horrors!"

She caught a glimpse of the Indian.

"There, there, never mind him," said Mrs. Bashford soothingly. "It's only Dio."

"Dio, your husband, the one who kidnapped me? Oh, what does it all mean?"

Both ladies looked at Mr. Bashford inquiringly, who was now forced to explain everything.

He did it with a very bad grace and a good deal of stammering. When he had concluded, his wife said:

"And so you thought the suit was for me when I only had it brought here to accommodate Emma. The same clothes fit us both, and I had it fitted to me because she wanted to be very secret about her costume. Oh, Dio, to think that you should have such little trust in me!"

Mr. Bashford had not a word to say. He had for once in his life been fairly beaten, routed, ignominiously defeated.—Atlanta Constitution.

A WELL AS A BAROMETER.

It is on a Cattaraugus (N. Y.) County Farm and Infirmary Foretells Weather.

There is a curious well on the Flint farm, in the town of Great Valley, Cattaraugus county. It is a natural barometer. Nobody ever passes that farm, winter or summer, if the weather is settled, without asking something like this:

"Does the well threaten a change?"

For every one knows that if there is bad weather coming the well will tell them know it, sure as sure can be.

They call the well up there the "whistling well," although it doesn't whistle now. But that isn't any fault of the well. This well was dug about 50 years ago by the father of Colonel Flint, who now occupies the farm. He put it down 45 feet, but found no water and dug no farther. Instead of water, a strong current of air came from the well at times. The opening was covered with a big flat stone, and for amusement a hole was drilled in the stone and a big tin whistle fitted into it. This whistle had two tones—one when the air rushed up from the well, and a different one when the counter current sucked the air back in the mysterious depths. It wasn't long before the discovery was made that within 48 hours after the outgushing current from the well started the whistle shrieking a storm invariably followed. When the tone of the whistle was changed by the reversing of the current, it was discovered that the change meant a change and the coming of fair weather. These weather signals never failed. When the weather was settled, the whistle was silent. The whistle got out of order some years ago, and for some reason was never repaired, but the coming and going currents of air still prophesy the coming of their respective "spells of weather" with unvarying infallibility.—New York Sun.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Callioette, Druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or home without it. Get a free trial bottle at D. J. Humphrey Drug Store, Napoleon, Ohio.

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SPRING CURRY COMB CO., 106 Lafayette St., South Bend, Indiana.

It is Time

To begin to prepare for winter.

The first step generally taken by one is to arm himself with a new Suit or Overcoat.

The first question is where are you going to buy all these new things?

Of course where you can get the best article for the least money, not where you can get an inferior article for the most money.

It is to the interest of everyone to get the best articles to be had for as little money as possible.

We have a line of fall and winter goods that can't be excelled, at prices to suit the times.

We employ none but the best workmen therefore we do nothing but first-class work, and guarantee satisfaction.

Give us a call before placing an order.

HENRY MEYER,

THE TAILOR, Napoleon, Ohio.

OPEN LETTERS TO BYNUM.

The Defeated Indianapolis Congressman Called on to Explain.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 12.—The News Saturday printed two open letters to Hon. W. D. Bynum, who was defeated for congress in this, the Seventh district, last Tuesday. The letters are signed by Thomas Madden and Morris Donnelly, two prominent Democratic citizens, who were unsuccessful candidates for the post collectorship in this city.

Congressman Bynum made a statement on the day after his defeat that he had been offered 20 per cent of the receipts of the office by one applicant and \$5,000 by another, if he (Bynum) would secure their appointment. There were several candidates, and Mr. Bynum's offer of a statement that he had been the victim of attempted bribe, caused a political sensation.

These letters demand the names of the aspirants to whom Mr. Bynum refers in order to remove the indelicate odium cast upon all aspirants for the position.

Trodden on by Hundreds.

A few years ago a box containing over 900 guineas was found under the step leading into a bedroom in a Dublin house.

It must have lain there nearly a century and was only discovered on part of the floor being taken up during repairs.

Numbers of people must have frequently passed over the step without the remotest idea that such a valuable object lay concealed under it.—London Answers.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this in diet. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents. J. Humphrey Drug Store, Napoleon, Ohio.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

The General Passenger Office of the Great Northern Railway will be pleased to forward to applicants any or all of the publications named below, on receipt of the amount of postage specified at each. It should be understood that these books, maps and pamphlets were prepared at considerable cost and are worth in each case many times the postage. They will prove of much interest to persons who contemplated a trip to any part of the Northwest, or who desire the information all intelligent people should possess concerning a vast, rich, important and growing part of the United States. Several of these publications have been supplied in quantities to public schools at the request of superintendents and teachers, on account of the instructive and useful information they contain.

BOOK FOLDER.—Send 2 cents for postage. This publication contains complete time cards, a series of train route maps, a large map of the country, a table giving first and second-class passenger rates, and freight tariff on settlers' goods from St. Paul to all points on the line; a table showing tributary points reached by steam or stage through car service and connections; important baggage and ticket regulations, and much interesting descriptive material. It is a handy volume of ready reference for passengers about local and through service on the Great Northern to all parts of the Northwest and Pacific Coast.

MAP FOLDER.—Send free. This contains the regular time schedules; a large map of the country west of Chicago and St. Louis; baggage and ticket regulations; and other information of value to travelers.

ATLAS OF THE NORTHWEST.—Send 15 cents. Contains complete maps of the United States, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington, showing post-offices to June 1, 1894, with every important geographical and topographical feature brought down to date, and printed in the highest style of the map maker's art. Interesting descriptive, historical and statistical information appears on each map.

LARGE WALL MAP.—Send 25 cents. This is a map of the country west of Chicago and St. Louis, mounted on rollers; 30x60 inches; complete in every particular from latest surveys; gives most detail of the Northwest, both before and below the international boundary line from the Great Lakes to Puget Sound; elegantly printed and useful in every office and school; has been asked for by teachers in all parts of the Northwest, and copies are now hanging in the public schools of many towns and cities.

VALLEY, PLAIN AND PEAK. From Midland Lakes to Western Ocean.—Send 10 cents. This attractive publication contains nearly 100 Northwest views, singly and in groups, etched from photographs, artistically embellished, and accompanied by descriptive matter and characteristic initials beautifully printed in color, altogether forming one of the most elegant books of the kind ever issued. It is equal to art books which sell for a dollar or more and contains very much less general information than any book of the kind.

DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS OR BULLETINS.—Send 2 cents postage for each. A series of illustrated publications on Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana and Washington. Treats in popular, historical, climatic, agricultural, pastoral, mineral and timber resources and products of each of these important states.

HUNTING AND FISHING BULLETINS.—Send 4 cents postage for the two. These publications contain the game and fish laws of the Northwestern States; and very much interesting information about various kinds of game and fish, and localities where found, with many fine illustrations.

VIEWS OF MOUNT INDIAN AND KOTENAI CANYON.—Send 50 cents each. These beautiful art reproductions of striking scenes in the mountains of Montana are 30 by 35 inches in size and cost in large quantities \$1.00 each, but are sold at half price to introduce them. Only one of each will be sold to any one address. They will also be sold in a choice frame with glass at \$2.00 each or half price. An ornament to either office or home and do not miss this opportunity.

THE EVERGREEN STATE.—Send 2 cents. This pretty souvenir contains 26 views of Washington exhibits at the World's Fair. It costs 12 cents a copy to print.

FACTS ABOUT A GREAT COUNTRY.—Send free. This contains a large variety of facts of interest to new settlers, including diagrams showing the simplicity of land surveys, a brief statement of land laws, and a map of the United States.

A TOUR OF OUR COUNTRY. Send \$1.60. The Great Northern has specially arranged with a large publishing house for an edition of Stoddard's Portfolio of American Views, appearing in 16 parts, each part containing 16 views and retelling at 10 cents, or \$1.60 for the 16 parts. Single photographs of these views cannot be had for much less than \$1.00 each, but in this portfolio 360 magnificent reproductions of striking photographs of natural and created scenes in all parts of America are to be had for a mere nominal sum. Each part will contain matter and illustrations specially added to give increased value to northwest subscribers or those interested in the Northwest. The parts will be furnished singly or in whole numbers by agents of the company at any point. For any of the above publications or information about rates or routes to the North west or Pacific Coast, address:

F. L. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., (Mention this paper.) St. Paul, Minn.

Nearly Had Baby Spasms.

NAPOLEON, O., June 7, 1894.—Hand Medicine Co.—My baby at three months old had colic so badly we feared spasms. My husband ran to the drug store for "soothing syrup." Our physician was present when he called for it and advised him to try Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. We did so. We have used nearly three bottles, and baby is the most pleasant, bright, laughing baby I ever saw, and I am convinced we owe it all to Dr. Hand's Colic Cure.—Mrs. Arthur Simmons. Sold by J. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

Mushroom Poisoning.

It is well perhaps for the sake of a possible emergency to bear in mind that on the authority of Dr. Taylor, chief of the division of microscopy of the department of agriculture, there is but one known antidote to mushroom poisoning, sulphate of atropia. A dose may be given in any way by the mouth or by hypodermic injections.

TIME TABLE



TRAINS CARRYING PASSENGERS LEAVE

NAPOLEON, GOING WEST.			
No. 41, Toledo & St. Louis Ex.	6:00 a. m.		
" 42, " " Kansas City Ex.	11:31 a. m.		
" 37, " " Defiance Ex.	5:07 p. m.		
" 43, " " St. Louis Ex.	8:10 p. m.		
" 71, " " St. Wayne Local.	9:20 a. m.		
GOING EAST.			
No. 42, St. Louis & Toledo Ex.	6:31 a. m.		
" 38, Defiance & Toledo Ex.	7:05 a. m.		
" 46, Kansas City & Toledo Ex.	8:10 p. m.		
" 44, St. Louis & Toledo Ex.	8:22 p. m.		
" 70, Ft. Wayne & Toledo Local.	12:35 p. m.		
Daily except Sunday. J. J. Humphrey, Agent.			

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT MAY 20TH, 1894.

East-Bound.

STATIONS.	8	9	10	11	12
CENTRAL TIME.	AM.	PM.	PM.	PM.	PM.
Ar. Chicago.....	10:00	4:00	4:00	6:45	
" Defiance.....	4:30	8:35	1:40	12:37	
Ar. Monroeville.....	8:50	9:50	PM		
" Sandusky.....	9:30	9:30	PM		
Ar. Mansfield.....	7:57	PM			
" Mt. Vernon.....	8:56	PM			
Ar. Newark.....	9:35	PM			
Ar. Zanesville.....	9:45	12:35	4:10	10:15	
Ar. Newark.....	10:30	12:50	6:51	7:03	
Ar. Wheeling.....	2:35	4:55	10:40	11:35	
" Pittsburgh.....	7:10	7:30	4:15	4:35	
" Washington.....	3:10	4:45	4:05	4:09	
" Baltimore.....	3:10	6:05		6:15	
" Philadelphia.....	6:08	8:15		7:53	
" New York.....	8:25	10:35		10:55	

West-Bound.

STATIONS.	7	8	10	11	12
CENTRAL TIME.	PM.	PM.	PM.	PM.	PM.
Ar. Chicago.....	3:15	5:20	6:50	11:40	1:10
Ar. Chicago.....	9:00	11:05		6:40	7:20

PULLMAN SERVICE.

Pittsburgh and Chicago, Trains Nos. 5, 6, 14 & 15. Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, Trains Nos. 14 and 15. Chicago, Baltimore and New York, Trains Nos. 5, 6, 14 & 15. Chicago, Cincinnati and Cincinnati, Trains Nos. 105, 106, 103 and 104.

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THE Tyrant Potato.

Mrs. Renner evidently endorses Marion Harland's view of the "tyrant potato." Says the former: "Life is too short to be spent in digesting potatoes. I never eat them in any form. You might as well put pieces of mica into your stomach as fill it with Saratoga chips." It is undoubtedly true that in many households nowadays the potato habit is much lessened. Time was when potatoes fried for breakfast, baked for luncheon and mashed or plain boiled for dinner was the logical course of table events in almost every well regulated family. The breakfast cereal has practically banished it from the first meal of the day, it is often absent from the luncheon board, and it is really only at dinner that it is apt to be in perennial evidence. A dish of boiled rice or sump or baked hominy will be found an excellent substitute for the hated Irish tuber, which, while not perhaps guilty of all the indictments against it, might well be relegated to an occasional rather than an everlasting appearance.—New York Times.

Headaches From Eye Strain.

Among the most exquisite of tortures are headaches that proceed from over-taxing the eyes. Much of this trouble is due to imperfect curvature of the cornea. However slight this imperfection may be, the pain from the strain is intense. The muscles become sore and irritable, and the constant tension is likely to create chronic ailments of the nervous system. Eye strain and extreme irritability of temper are frequently associated. It is often the case that the eyes are not suspected as a cause of headache, but the proper glasses give relief at once.—New York Ledger.

Broke Something.

Miss Gaswell—Have you heard that all is over between Miss Belkfield and Mr. Hilltop?
Miss Dukane—I heard something about it. Did Blanche break her heart?
Miss Gaswell—No, only her engagement.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

WHAT YOUR THUMB TELLS.



Square Type.

The thumb is an unfailing index of character. The Square Type indicates a strong, well developed and firmness. Closely allied is the Spindly Type, the thumb of those of advanced ideas and business ability. Both of these types belong to the busy man.

Demorest's Family Magazine presents a volume of the most interesting, condensed in a small space, so that the record of the whole world's work for a month may be read in half an hour. The Concise Type indicates refinement, culture, and a love of music, poetry, and fiction. A person with this type of thumb will thoroughly enjoy the literary attractions of Demorest's Magazine. The Arched Type indicates a love of beauty and art, which will find pleasure in the magnificent illustrations of roses, 193 & 34 inches, reproduced from the original painting by De Longpre, the most celebrated of living flower-painters, which will give to every reader a new view of Demorest's Magazine for 1894. The cost of this superb work of art was \$250.00, and the reproduction cannot be distinguished from the original. Besides the exquisite oil or water-color picture is published in each number of the Magazine, and the articles are so profuse and superbly illustrated that the Magazine is, in reality, a portfolio of the best works of the highest order. The Philologic Type is the thumb of the lover of literature and of those who will be deeply interested in these developed monthly in Demorest's Magazine. In every one of its numerous departments, which cover the entire artistic and scientific field, chronicling every fact, fancy, and fact of the day, Demorest's is simply a perfect Family Magazine, and was long ago crowned Queen of the Monthlies. Send in your subscription today. It will cost you \$2.00, and you will have a dozen Magazines in one. Address W. J. Wynn, Demorest's Magazine, 15 East 14th Street, New York. Though not a fashion magazine, its perfect fashion plates and illustrations on family and domestic matters will be of superlative interest to those possessing the Feminine Type of thumb, which indicates in its small size, slenderness, and grace, and smooth, rounded tip, those traits which belong essentially to the feminine. Every one who should subscribe to Demorest's Magazine. If you are unacquainted with a mermaid, send for a specimen copy (free), and will tell you that seeing these THUMB TYPES has put you in the way of saving money by finding in one magazine everything to satisfy the literary wants of the whole family.

Administrators Sale of Real Estate.

Henry E. Hall, as Administrator of the estate of Henry Dauber, deceased, plaintiff.

Mary Dauber et al., defendants.

Probate Court of Henry County, Ohio.

In pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Henry County, Ohio, I will offer for sale, at public auction, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1894, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the north door of the court house in Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio, the following described real estate, to-wit:

The west half (1/2) of the northwest quarter (1/4) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of section three (3), township four (4), north of range seven (7), east of Henry County, Ohio, containing twenty (20) acres of more or less, appraised at \$100.

Also: The following described real estate to-wit: Being a part of the east half (1/2) of section three (3), township four (4), north of range seven (7), east of Henry County, Ohio, being a strip of land thirty rods in width and bounded on the south by the center of Turkeyfoot creek, on the east by a line parallel with the west line of the east half (1/2) of section three (3), township four (4), north of range seven (7), east of Henry County, Ohio, and on the west by a line parallel with and distant from the east line of said section three (3), township four (4), north of range seven (7), east of Henry County, Ohio, in length and far enough north of the south line to contain twenty acres of land. Appraised at \$100.

Also, the following described real estate to-wit: A part of the west half (1/2) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of section three (3), township four (4), north of range seven (7), east of Henry County, Ohio, and described as follows: Commencing at the northeast corner of said west half (1/2), from thence west on the north line of said southeast quarter (1/4) of section three (3), a distance of 140 feet, thence due south on a surveyors line, a distance of about one hundred rods, thence in a southeasterly direction up the main channel of